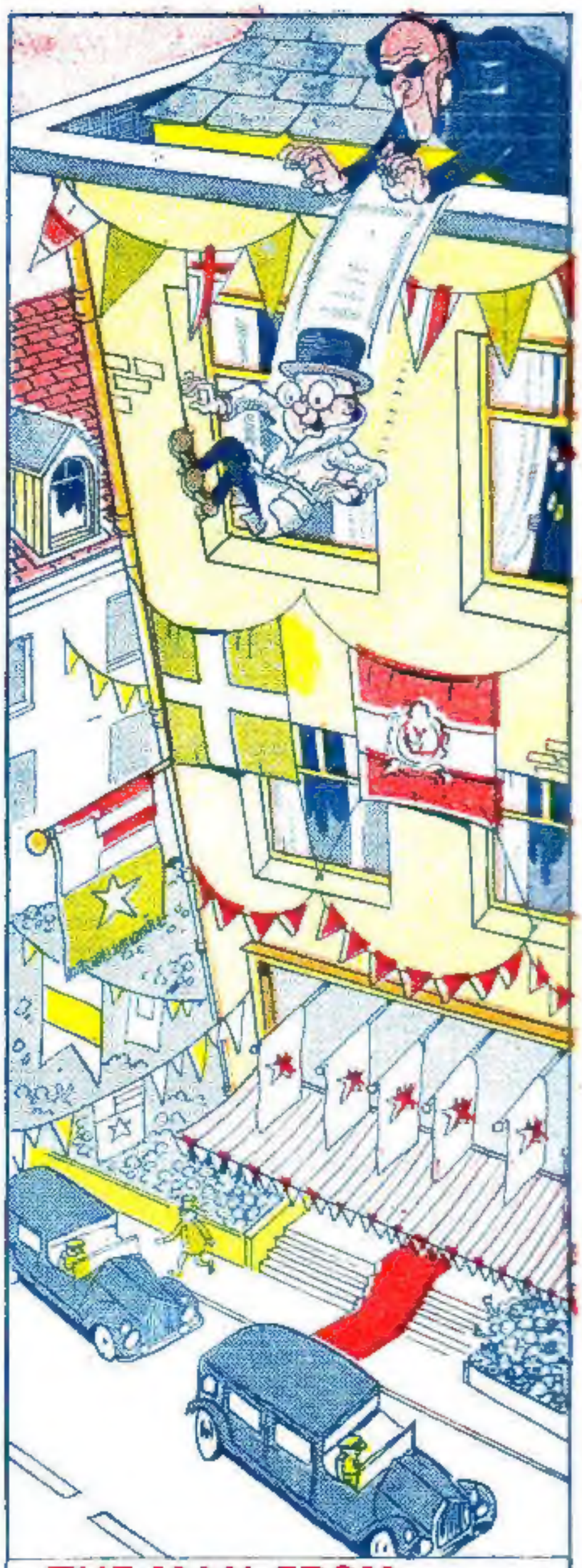
7d

SMASH!

No.12
23rd. APR. 1966.
EVERY TUESDAY

ROLLO STONES AND

THE FIVE FACES OF EVIL!



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. was too excited watching the parade below to see Doctor Doom skulking up behind him. How can anything save him now? Perhaps you can see a way from the clues in the picture. But, if you give up, the answer is on Mr Knowall's Page inside.

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THE MOON MADNESS

THE GIANT LEGS THAT HAD MATERIALISED ON SALISBURY PLAIN WERE ON THE MOVE!

THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE AND TOWN, THE GREAT INHUMAN FEET CRUSHED EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...

AAH!

THE ENTIRE COUNTRY WAS AT A STATE OF EMERGENCY AND AT LEAMINSTER AIRFIELD A FLIGHT OF SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED LIGHTNINGS TOOK OFF.

OUR ORDERS ARE TO ATTACK THESE LEGS— AND UTTERLY DESTROY THEM!

THERE THEY ARE!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!

WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN USING PEA-SHOOTERS!

AND AS THE MIGHTY LEGS MARCHED NORTHWARDS, IN SCOTLAND THE GREAT ARM AND HAND MOVED STEADILY SOUTH...

GREAT BRITAIN LIVED THROUGH TWENTY FOUR NIGHTMARE HOURS. AND DURING THAT TIME, JOHN SILVERLIGHT, WHO HAD TOUCHED THAT HAND AND LIVED, LAY IN A DELIRIUM IN ST GILES HOSPITAL IN EDINBURGH.

THE OLD MAN! GO TO THE TOP OF THE OLD MAN!

A NON-STOP TOP-LEVEL CONFERENCE WAS BEING HELD...

THE HAND IS MOVING SOUTH AND THE LEGS ARE HEADING NORTH AT A FASTER PACE. IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY ARE TRYING TO MEET UP!

AND IF THEY DO IT WILL PROBABLY BE IN NORTH YORKSHIRE OR WESTMORLAND!

BUT WHAT DOES SILVERLIGHT MEAN BY 'THE OLD MAN'?

'THE OLD MAN'! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? GENTLEMEN! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE LAKE DISTRICT!

BUT ALREADY THE GREAT LEGS HAD REACHED THE BORDER OF WESTMORLAND!

TWO HOURS LATER THEY STOOD BY THE SHORE OF CONISTON WATER IN WESTMORLAND...

IT'S JUST A MOUNTAIN!

BUT IT'S CALLED 'THE OLD MAN'!

JOHN SILVERLIGHT SAID "LOOK AT THE TOP OF THE OLD MAN." AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!

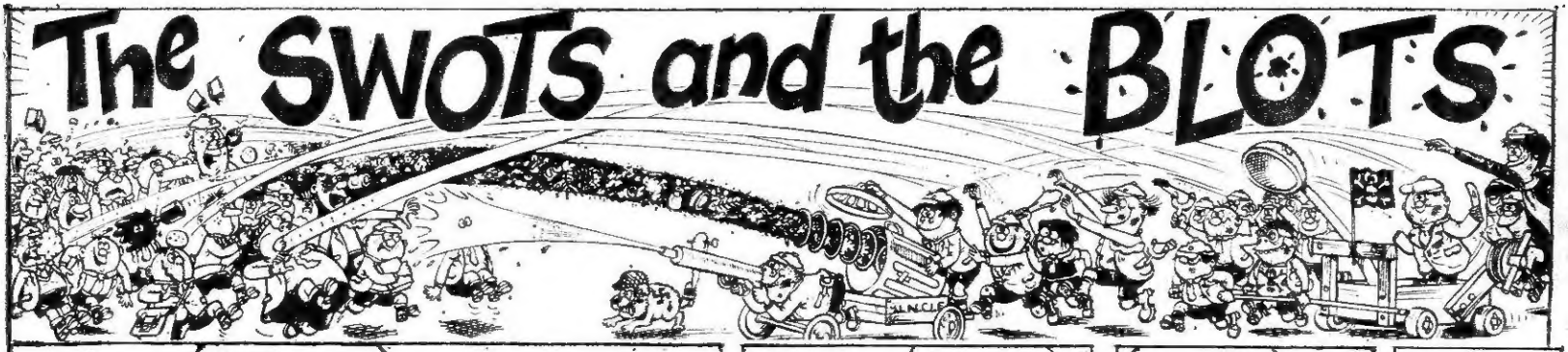
THE AIR MARSHAL ARRANGED FOR A HELICOPTER TO BE PLACED AT THEIR DISPOSAL...

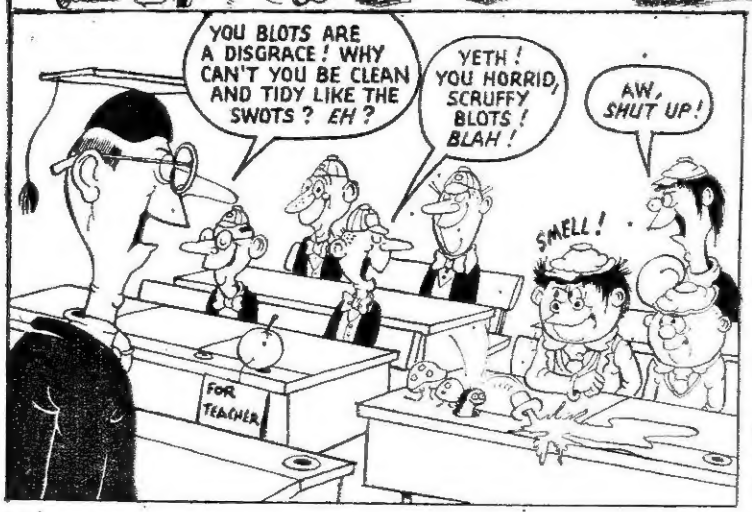
WE'RE JUST COMING TO THE TOP OF THE OLD MAN NOW.

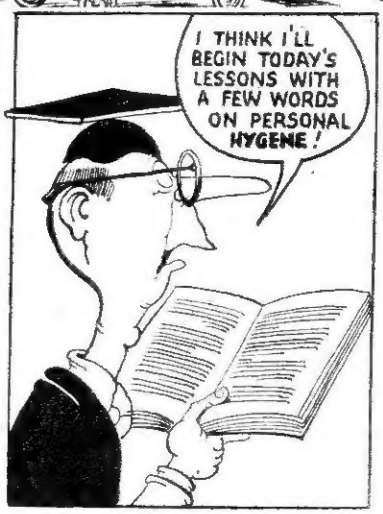
WELL— IF THERE'S ANYTHING THERE WE SHALL SOON KNOW!

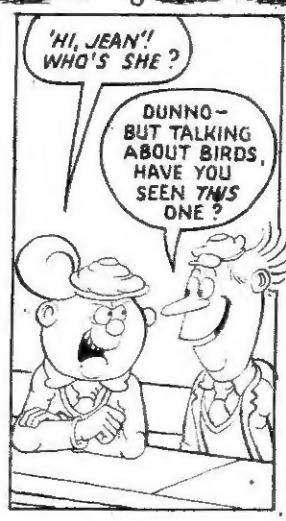
IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! THE HEADLESS GIANT!

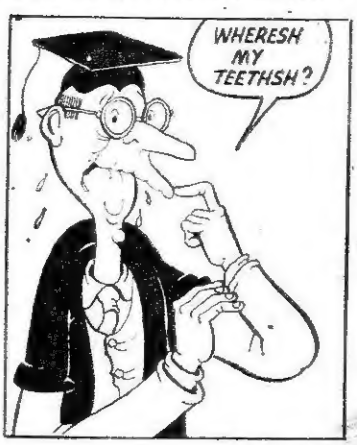
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

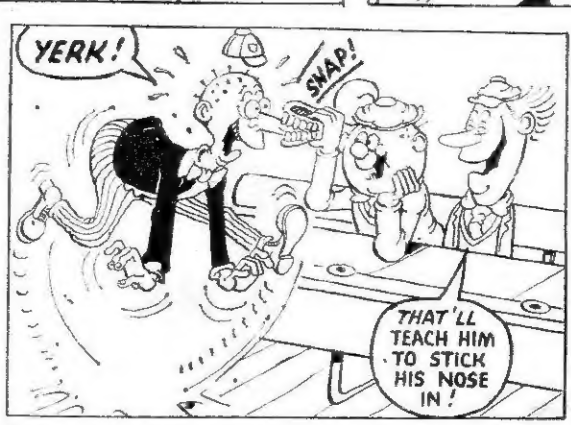


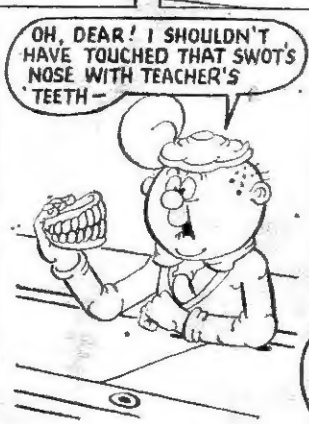

YOU BLOTS ARE A DISGRACE! WHY CAN'T YOU BE CLEAN AND TIDY LIKE THE SWOTS? EH?
YETH! YOU HORRID, SCRUFFY BLOTS! BLAH!
AW, SHUT UP!
SMELL!
FOR TEACHER

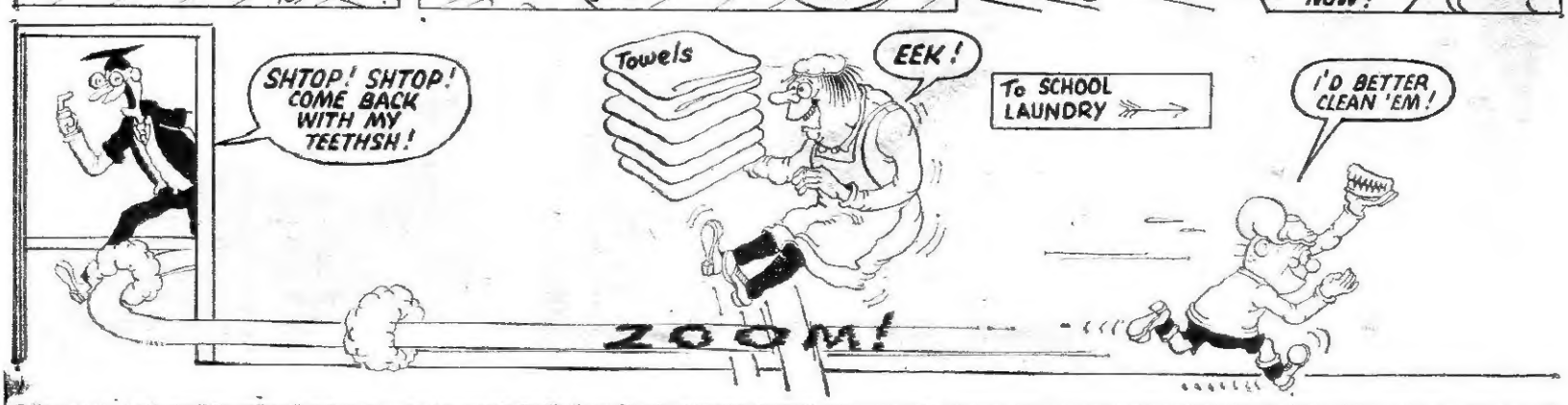




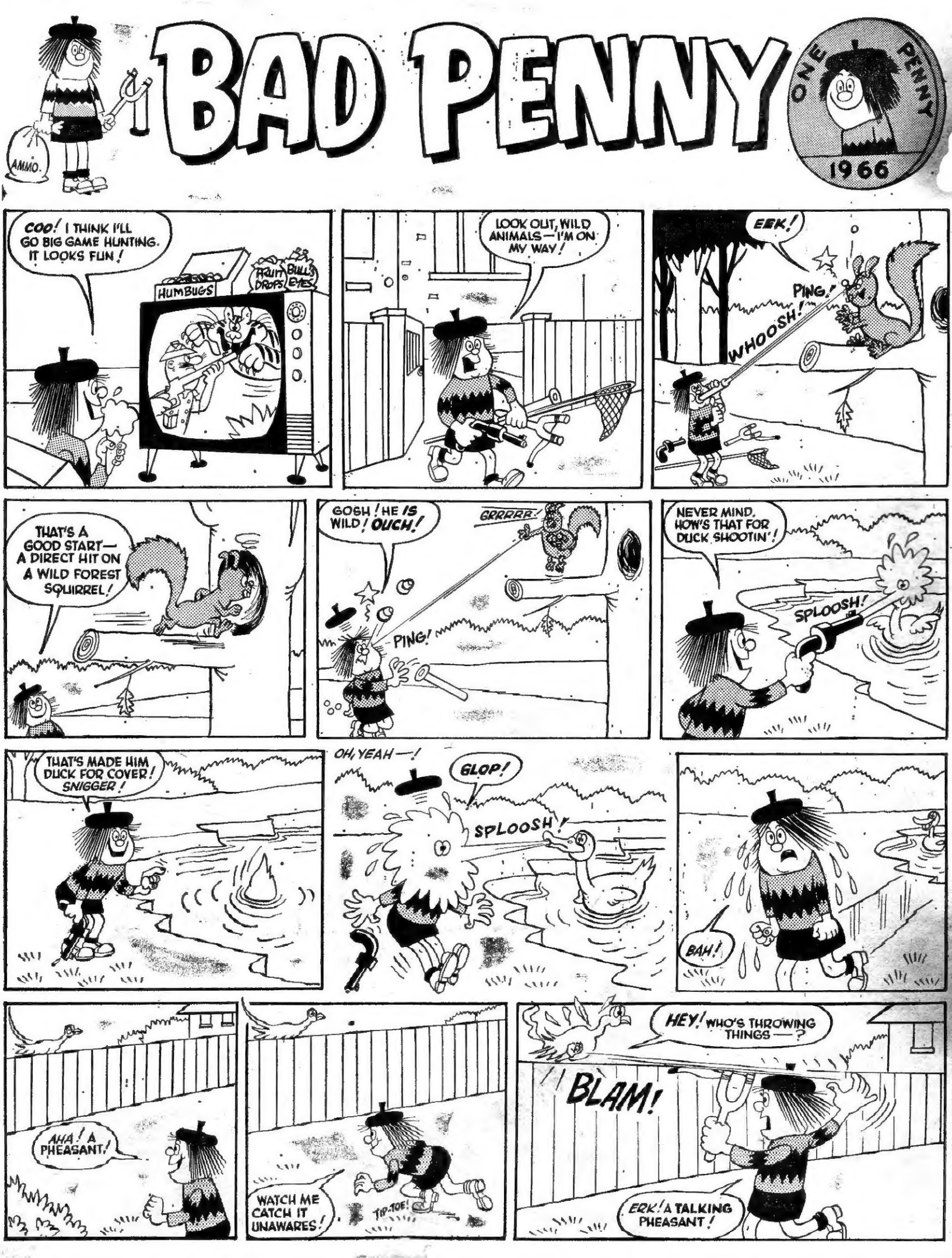


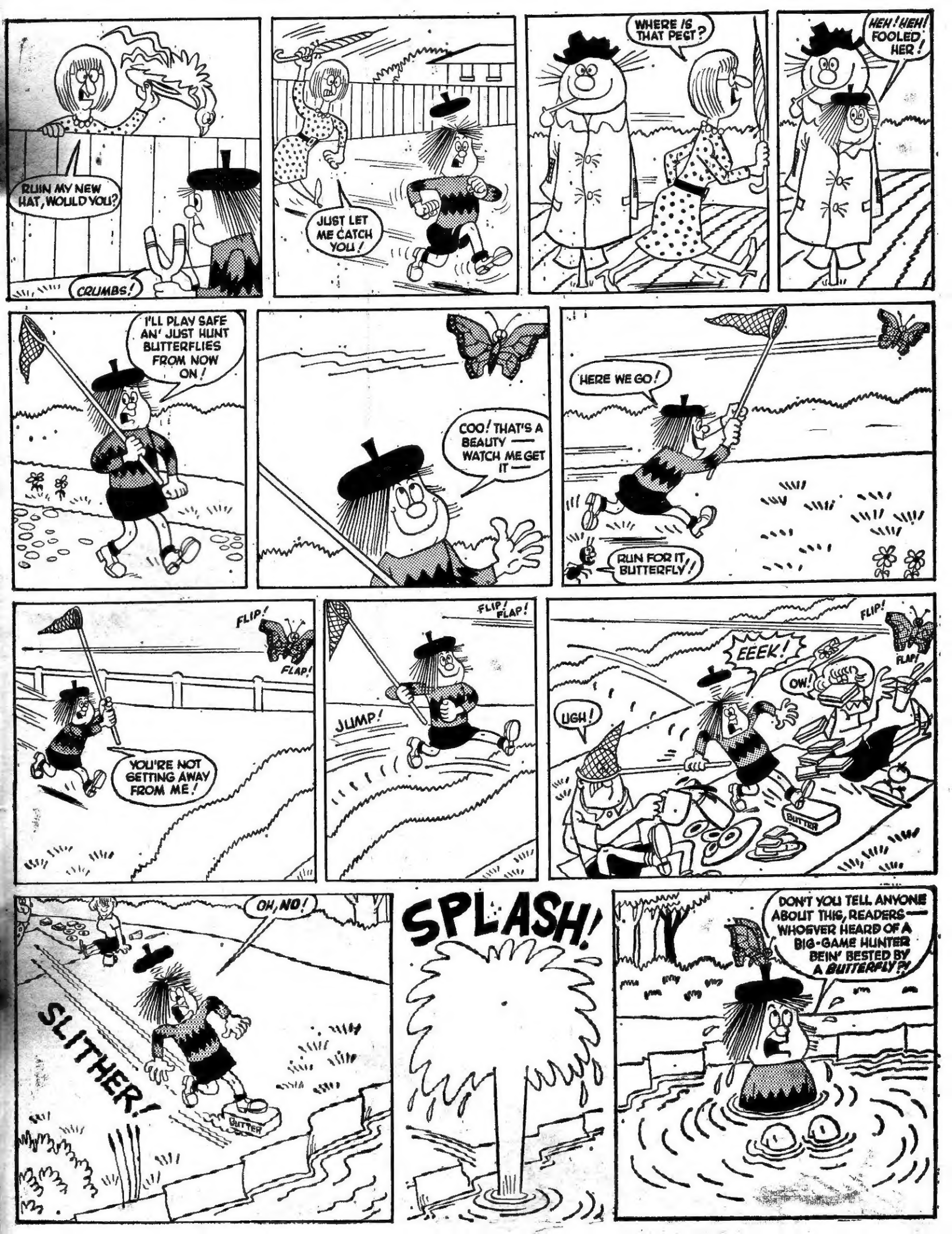






SOON BE NICE AND CLEAN, SIR ! THEY'LL EVEN GET SPIN-DRIED !
WHIRL!
OH, NO! HE'S PUT THEM IN THE WASHING MACHINE!
YANK!
EEK! GULP!
AAGH! MY TEETHSH!
ER-I-COULD-ER-TRY STICKING THEM TOGETHER WITH TOOTHPASTE, SIR !
TOOTHPASTE, GRR! THAT ISH FOR CLEANING TEETH-NOT SHTICKING THEM TOGETHER!
THUD!
I THINK YOU SHOULD CANE THAT BLOT, SIR ! AFTER ALL, HE BROKE YOUR BEAUTIFUL TEETH, SIR !
WHAT A SNEAK!
HEH! HEH! I'LL PUT ONE OF TEACH'S TEETH ON HIS SEAT! WATCH THIS!
HAH! HAH! NOW TEACHER WILL GIVE THAT HORRIBLE LITTLE BLOT A SORE BOTTOM!
YAROO!
THAT DOES IT! WE'LL GIVE THOSE BLOTS THE BASHING OF THEIR LIVES!
HEH! THE SWOTS WANT A FIGHT!
THEY COULDN'T HAVE LIKED MY LITTLE JOKE!
YAAGH!
BOP!
ZONK!
BOX
TEETH
I'M NO COWARD-BUT IT WOULD BE SUICIDE TO SEPARATE THEM!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
I NEEDN'T TELL THE CLASS HOW TO KEEP THEIR TEETH CLEAN NOW! THEY'VE HARDLY GOT A TOOTH LEFT BETWEEN THE LOT OF THEM!
GRR!
ROTTEN SHWOTS!
YAH!


BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
AMMO.
COO! I THINK I'LL GO BIG GAME HUNTING. IT LOOKS FUN!
HUMBUGS
FRUIT DROPS
BULL'S EYES
LOOK OUT, WILD ANIMALS — I'M ON MY WAY!
EEK!
PING!
WHOOSH!
THAT'S A GOOD START — A DIRECT HIT ON A WILD FOREST SQUIRREL!
GOSH! HE IS WILD! OUCH!
GRRRRR!
PING!
NEVER MIND, HOW'S THAT FOR DUCK SHOOTIN'!
SPLOOSH!
THAT'S MADE HIM DUCK FOR COVER! SNIGGER!
OH, YEAH —!
GLOP!
SPLOOSH!
BAH!
AHA! A PHEASANT!
WATCH ME CATCH IT UNAWARES!
TIP-TOE!
HEY! WHO'S THROWING THINGS —?
BLAM!
ERK! A TALKING PHEASANT!


RUIN MY NEW HAT, WOULD YOU?
CRUMBS!
JUST LET ME CATCH YOU!
WHERE IS THAT PEST?
HEH! HEH! FOOLED HER!
I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST HUNT BUTTERFLIES FROM NOW ON!
COO! THAT'S A BEAUTY — WATCH ME GET IT —
HERE WE GO!
RUN FOR IT, BUTTERFLY!
FLIP!
FLAP!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME!
FLIP! FLAP!
JUMP!
FLIP!
EEEK!
FLAP!
OW!
UGH!
BUTTER
OH, NO!
SLITHER!
BUTTER
SPLASH!
DON'T YOU TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS, READERS — WHOEVER HEARD OF A BIG-GAME HUNTER BEIN' BESTED BY A BUTTERFLY?!

THE TELLYBIGS
COO! THERE'S A FIGHT ON THE TELLY TONIGHT! MUSTN'T MISS THAT!
TELLY TIMES
WE AREN'T GOING TO MISS IT, EITHER!
IT'S BASHEM BAGLEY—AND HE'S GOT THE BEST LEFT HOOK IN THE BUSINESS!
HEY! WATCH IT, MATE!
BOXING TONIGHT
HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING BASHED ABOUT?
BOP!
OW! NOW YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT...!
GRRR! MEET ME AT SIX O'CLOCK BEHIND THE VALVES!
RIGHT! IT'S A DATE! SNARL!
WH-WH-WHAT'VE I DONE? HE'LL HALF-KILL M-ME! D-DID YOU SEE HIS PUNCH?
NERVOUS NIBBLE!
HEH! HEH! SOME FOLKS PUT HORSE-SHOES IN THEIR GLOVES! I'LL PUT IN THIS BIG NUT! SNIGGER!
HEE-HEE! HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
SIX O'CLOCK...
CRUNCH!
THE WINNER! HEE-HEE! NOTHING TO IT!
SWOON!
RIGHT! LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
WHY NOT? SNIGGER!
OH, NO! IT'S TIME FOR THE BIG FIGHT—AND THE TELLY'S GONE WRONG! THERE'S NO PICTURE!
CLICK!
HELP! NO WONDER IT ISN'T WORKING—THERE'S A NUT MISSING! WHERE IS IT?
OH, GOLLY! IF I DON'T GIVE 'EM THE NUT, I'LL MISS THE BIG FIGHT!
ER-IS THIS IT? I FOUND IT IN MY BOXING GLOVE!
OH, HO! SO THAT'S WHY HE HIT SO HARD! THE CHEAT! THE BLOOMING CHEAT!
BAH! STILL NO PICTURE! I WON'T SEE ANY BIG FIGHT TONIGHT!
PITY DAD COULDN'T SEE THIS ONE!
GRR! WE HATE CHEATS!
TAKE THAT!
CHEAT!
HELP! OUCH! MERCY! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN! AAGH!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

COO! THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE **OUR** SHADOW, DOES IT?

NO, IT DOESN'T!

HUH! GOT YOU, MICEYS!

GULP!

GULP!

'**TAILS**' YOU LOSE! HEH! HEH!

SQUEAK!

NOW FOR A NICE MICEY STEAK!

TAIL AERIAL

SQUEAK!

HALLO! MY TRANSISTOR'S PICKED UP AN S.O.M. – 'SAVE OUR MICEYS'!

SQUEAK!

DANGER MOUSE! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT PEST!

DROP 'EM!

I'LL BORROW THIS FOR EXTRA PERFORMANCE!

HEH! HEH! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM CATCH ME NOW!

TOY SHOP

THEY'RE **SURE** TO HAVE **MY** SIZE...

TOY SHOP

... THEY HAVE! A CLOCKWORK MOTOR CYCLE!

BRM! BRM! BRMM BRMM

SO! HE'S GAINING ON ME!

I'M NOT BEATEN YET! NOT WITH THAT ICE CREAM I SEE!

OOH! MY LOVELY ICE!

HEH! HEH! THAT SHOULD MAKE DANGER MOUSE SLIP UP!

BLAM!

WHAM!

YAROO!

SKID!

TOY SHOP

BACK TO THE TOY SHOP FOR ME!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S GOT RID OF THAT PEST ALL RIGHT!

SAYS YOU – TWITTERY CAT!

OH! NO!

UP HE GOES!

SNAP!

EEEARGH!

IT'S '**HEADS**' FOR HIM NOW – RIGHT INTO THE POND!

ROUND POND

GEE – THANKS, DANGER MOUSE!

THE GHOST PATROL

LED BY SERGEANT JOE TIMM, THE GHOST PATROL HAD TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME FROM 1941 TO 1,000 B.C.—USING A **TIME-MACHINE** THEY HAD DISCOVERED. ARMED WITH MODERN WEAPONS, THEY LANDED IN ANCIENT EGYPT AND WERE GREETED BY FRIENDLY NATIVES. BUT THEN THEIR NAZI PRISONER, ERHART, ESCAPED WITH THEIR TANK—FIRING AT THEM AS THEY GAVE CHASE THROUGH THE COASTAL MARSHES...

HURRY! EVERYONE ASHORE BEFORE THAT NAZI SINKS US!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP IN ANCIENT EGYPT FIGHTING *THIS* SORT OF BATTLE!

IN THE TANK-TURRET, ERHART LAUGHED AS HE SAW THE BRITISH PATROL SCATTER INTO THE MARSHES FOR COVER...

YES—NOW ALL THE POWER IS IN MY HANDS! I'LL HEAD TOWARDS THE EGYPTIANS, COME TO TERMS WITH THEM, AND GET MYSELF A POWERFUL ARMY!

A MOMENT LATER, THE TANK WAS THUNDERING INLAND TOWARDS THE EGYPTIAN TEMPLE...

THE GHOST PATROL FOLLOWED ON FOOT, AS FAST AS THEY COULD MOVE!

SAVE YOUR AMMO, LADS! WE'VE NO WEAPON POWERFUL ENOUGH TO TAKE ON A TANK—SO WE'LL HAVE TO WINKLE ERHART OUT OF IT SOME OTHER WAY!

THE HUGE EGYPTIAN CROWD THAT HAD GREETED THE GHOST PATROL WAS MOVING TOWARDS THE APPROACHING TANK, READY TO BE FRIENDLY. BUT ERHART SOON PUT A STOP TO THAT...

A FEW BULLETS AMONG THEM WILL SHOW THESE SAVAGES WHO'S BOSS!

AIEE!

AAGH!

WITH BULLETS SHRIEKING AMONG THEM, THE EGYPTIANS FLED IN TERROR, HEADING TOWARDS THEIR TEMPLE!

WE WILL BE SAFE AT THE TEMPLE! THE FURY OF THE GODS WILL NOT STRIKE AT US THERE!

RUN!

BEHIND THE TANK, SERGEANT JOE HAD FLUNG A GRENADE AT THE TANK—TRYING TO STOP ERHART!

THAT FIEND ERHART IS SLAUGHTERING THE EGYPTIANS!

IT'S NO USE, SARGE—GRENADES WON'T STOP A TANK!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE TANK WAS AT THE TEMPLE, AND THE FLEEING EGYPTIANS WERE SHUTTING THE HUGE BRONZE DOORS IN AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP IT OUT!

WHEN I'VE GOT THEM *REALLY* TERRIFIED, THEY'LL DO ANYTHING I ASK—SO I'LL KEEP UP THE ATTACK!

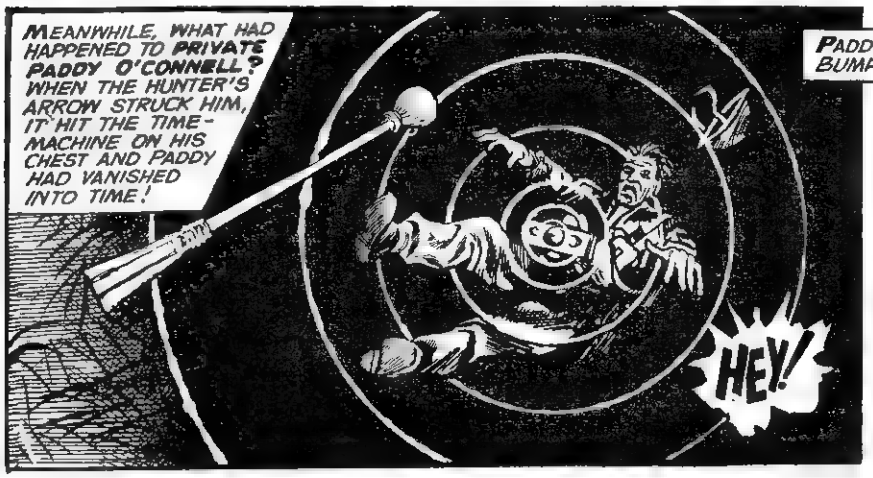
THE CLATTERING MONSTER CHARGED AT THE MIGHTY DOORS LIKE A BATTERING-RAM...
STOPPING THE TANK INSIDE THE GLOOM OF THE TEMPLE, ERHART CLAMBERED UP INTO THE TURRET AND SHOUTED TO THE EGYPTIANS!
EGYPTIANS! LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF THE MIGHTY ONE...
THERE HE IS, SARGE!
I'LL BRING HIM DOWN WITH A SHOT!
LEVELLING HIS TOMMY GUN, SERGEANT JOE RATTLED OUT SWIFT AND DEADLY FIRE...
THAT SHOULD COOK HIS GOOSE!
ERHART FELL FORWARD, AS THE HAIL OF BULLETS SCREAMED PAST THE TURRET..
DONNER UND BLITZEN!
BUT THE NAZI WAS ONLY WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER. SWINGING ROUND THE TANK-TURRET, HE RAMMED A SHELL INTO THE GUN-BREECH...
SO THE BRITISH DOGS HAVE FOLLOWED ME TO THE TEMPLE! WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH THEM, THEY WILL FIGHT NO MORE!
IT WAS AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST WHO FIRST SAW THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF ERHART'S RUTHLESS SHOOTING!
THE TANK-GUN ROARED OUT WITH FRIGHTENING NOISE, AND THE WHOLE TEMPLE SHOOK WITH THE EXPLOSION OF THE SHELL!
AIEE! THE GOD HAS STRUCK DOWN A PILLAR IN HIS ANGER — THE WHOLE TEMPLE IS FALLING!
IT WAS TRUE! AS THE SHELL-STRICKEN PILLAR COLLAPSED, THE TEMPLE SHUDDERED AND GROANED — AND GREAT BLOCKS OF MASONRY BEGAN TO TUMBLE DOWN! THE GHOST PATROL WAS TRAPPED!
LOOK, OUT!
CONTINUED OVER PAGE...

AAAGH!
OVER HERE, MEN – RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
SERGEANT JOE ROLLED GRIMLY OUT OF THE WAY OF THE FALLING STONES...
THAT FOOL ERHART! IF HE FIRES ANOTHER SHELL, THE WHOLE TEMPLE WILL CAVE IN — THEN WE'LL ALL GET KILLED!
THE EGYPTIANS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS BEING SAID. BUT THEY REALIZED WHAT THE 'GOD IN THE MACHINE' WANTED...
WE MUST OBEY — OR HE MAY STRIKE AT US!
BUT ERHART NOW SAW HE HAD THE UPPER HAND! STILL GRIPPING HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER, HE CLAMBERED OUT OF THE TANK-TURRET AND YELLED TO THE EGYPTIANS...
FORWARD, YOU DOGS! ROUND UP THESE ENGLISH BEFORE THEY HAVE TIME TO GRAB THEIR GUNS AGAIN!
BEFORE THE LOST PATROL KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, THEY WERE OVER-WHELMED BY A CHARGING MASS OF BODIES!
JOE FOUGHT BACK FIERCELY...
HEY! YOU LOT WERE OUR FRIENDS A LITTLE WHILE AGO!
HAYAGAGG! ISIS!
BUT THE ODDS WERE TWENTY TO ONE! THE TOMMY GUN WAS SMASHED FROM JOE'S HANDS! HE WAS SEIZED, AND THE EGYPTIAN'S SWORD CAME UP TO DEAL A DEATH-BLOW...
STOP!
ERHART HAD STOPPED THE SLAUGHTER — FOR HIS OWN REASONS! THE EGYPTIANS COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS, BUT THEY KNEW HIS TONE OF VOICE!
DON'T KILL THESE BRITISHERS — I HAVE NEED OF THEM!

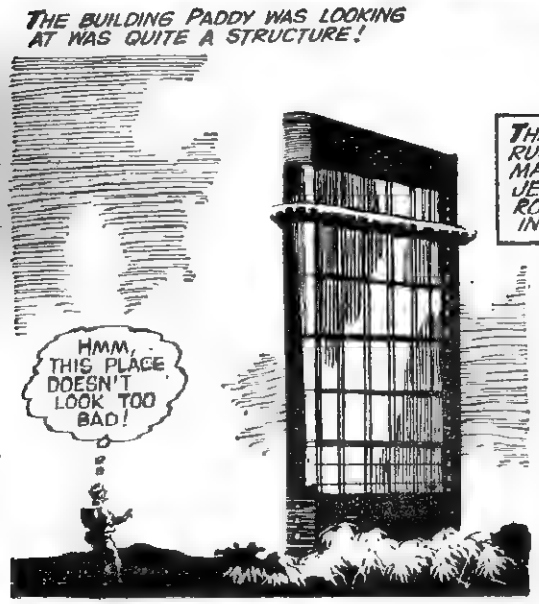
THE NAZI OFFICER GLOATED OVER THE LOST PATROL AS THEY WERE DRAGGED PAST HIM...
YES, SERGEANT — YOU WILL PAY WELL FOR THE WOUND YOU HAVE GIVEN ME! I WILL SEE THAT THESE EGYPTIANS MAKE YOU MY SLAVES, AND WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF MODERN WEAPONS, YOU WILL HELP ME CONQUER THE ANCIENT WORLD!

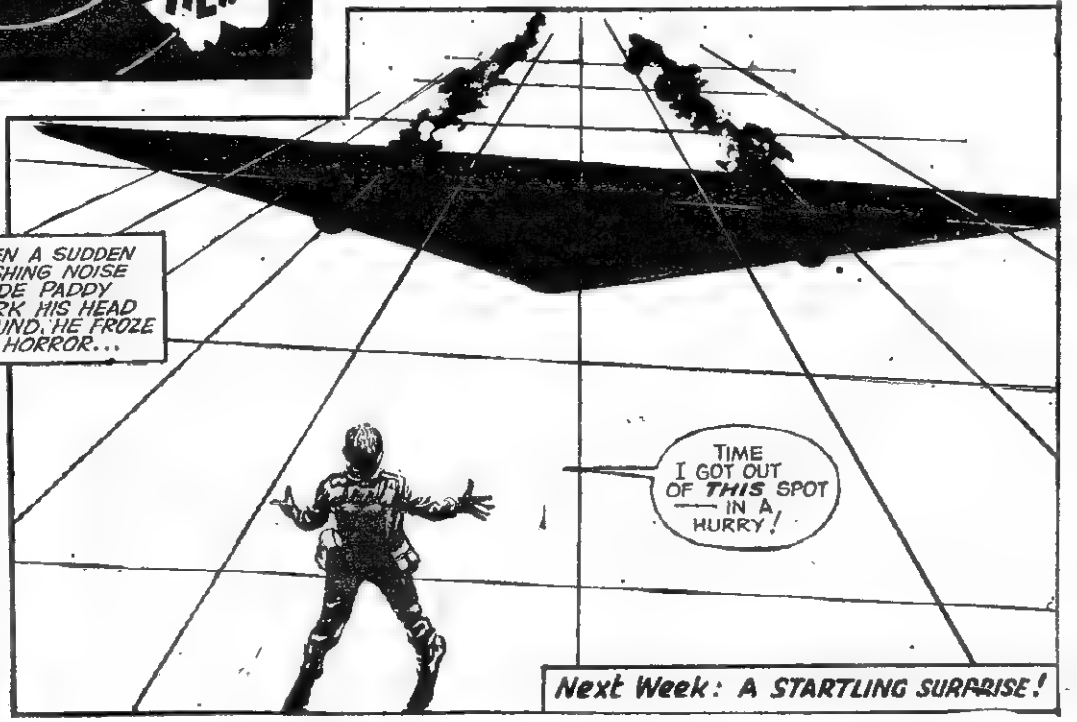
CLIMBING ON TO THE TANK AGAIN, ERHART TRIED TO MAKE THE EGYPTIANS UNDERSTAND...
YOU MUST TAKE ME TO YOUR PHARAOH! UNDERSTAND? PHARAOH!
HE MUST WANT TO SEE HIM!
AIEE! HE USES THE NAME OF OUR MIGHTY KING!

WITHIN THE HOUR, THE EGYPTIANS WERE LEADING ERHART SOUTH TOWARDS THE PALACE OF PHARAOH — WITH THE LOST PATROL BEING DRAGGED ALONG AS PRISONERS!


MEANWHILE, WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO PRIVATE PADDY O'CONNELL? WHEN THE HUNTER'S ARROW STRUCK HIM, IT HIT THE TIME-MACHINE ON HIS CHEST AND PADDY HAD VANISHED INTO TIME!
HEY!

PADDY LANDED WITH A BUMP — ON CONCRETE!
WOW!
WELL, WHEREVER I'VE GOT TO, I CERTAINLY HAVEN'T GONE BACK IN TIME FROM ANCIENT EGYPT! IN FACT, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE GONE QUITE SOME TIME FORWARD!


THE BUILDING PADDY WAS LOOKING AT WAS QUITE A STRUCTURE!
HMM, THIS PLACE DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD!


THEN A SUDDEN RUSHING NOISE MADE PADDY JERK HIS HEAD ROUND. HE FROZE IN HORROR...
TIME I GOT OUT OF THIS SPOT — IN A HURRY!
Next Week: A STARTLING SURPRISE!

QUEEN OF THE

THE 'BUOYANT QUEEN' HAS ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED UPON SLUDGETON-ON-SEA, WHILE LOOKING FOR LIVERPOOL HARBOUR...

HEY! WE'VE GOT THAT JOB, BERT, TRANSPORTIN' O'LEARY'S IRISH STEW FROM THE STEW-FACTORY TO THE CANNING-FACTORY FIVE MILES UPSTREAM!

HUH! AND HOW DO WE TRANSPORT IT?

BY THE SAME METHOD USED BY OIL-TANKERS! WE'LL **TOW** IT IN A HUGE SKIN! I'LL ORDER ONE!

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, AT THE FRITZ HIMMELSCHMIT SAUSAGE FACTORY...

HIMMEL! SOME ENGLANDER HAS ORDERED A 350 ft. MEATLESS SAUSAGE! **JUST THE SKIN!**

ONE WEEK LATER, 'QUEENIE' TAKES ON HER FIRST SIZZLING CARGO OF O'LEARY'S IRISH-STEW...

O'LEARY LTD.

CHUG! CHUG!

FLUP!

...AND NOSES HER WAY UPSTREAM TOWARDS THE CANNING FACTORY...

AT LAST! WE'RE IN THE MONEY, BERT!

HAW-HAW! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE AT THIS LARK!

MEANTIME, AT THE CANNING FACTORY ALONGSIDE LOCK No. 6, THE DIRECTORS AND SHAREHOLDERS ARE OUT IN FULL STRENGTH TO WITNESS THIS NEW, CHEAP METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION.

THIS IDEA IS GOING TO SAVE US POUNDS!

O'LEARY LTD. CANNING DEPOT.

LOCK OPERATOR 6

LOCK No. 6.

YES - THIS IS A GREAT IDEA. KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT, GENTLEMEN. THE BOAT IS DUE IN JUST **5** MINUTES WITH OUR FIRST CARGO!

5 HOURS LATER — IN THE OPERATING CABIN OF LOCK No. 6 —

STEW-BOAT APPROACHING! OPEN LOCK-GATES!

YOO-HOO, LOCK-KEEPER!

OHOO!

ERK! IT'S HER!

I WOULDN'T HANDLE THAT HEAP FOR A KING'S RANSOM!

CRASH!

I'M KNOCKIN' OFF EARLY!

BERT! BERT!

TINKLE!

6

LOCK No. 6

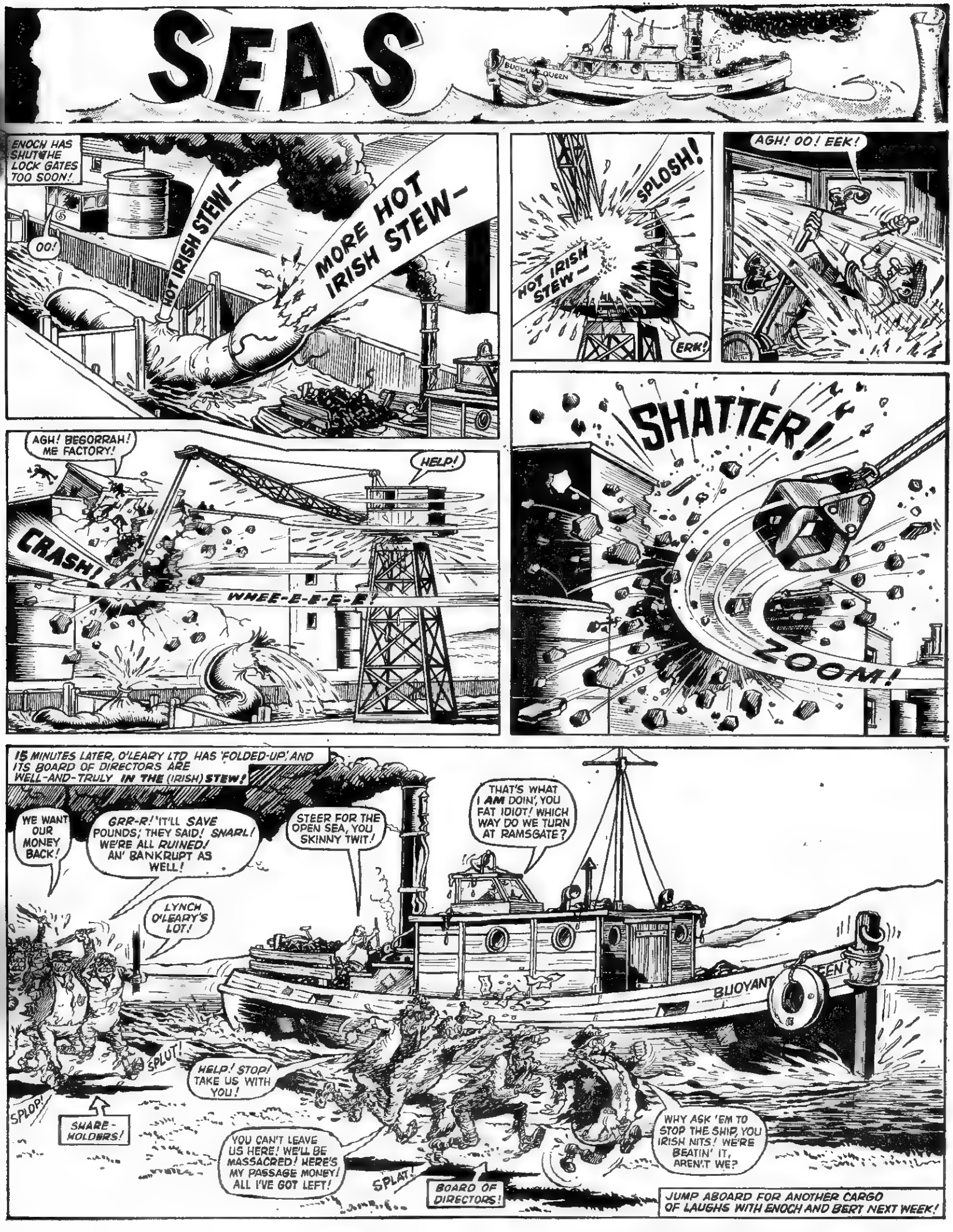
TAKE THE WHEEL A MINUTE! THE LOCK-KEEPER'S SCARPERED! I'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE LOCK MYSELF!

AND SO CAPTAIN ENOCH TAKES OVER THE LOCK CONTROLS...

OKAY! TAKE HER THROUGH, BERT!

SLOSH!

AYE-AYE, CAP'N!


SEAS
BUOYANT QUEEN
ENOCH HAS SHUT THE LOCK GATES TOO SOON!
OO!
HOT IRISH STEW—
MORE HOT IRISH STEW—
SPLOSH!
HOT IRISH STEW—
ERK!
AGH! OO! EEK!
AGH! BEGORRAH! ME FACTORY!
HELP!
CRASH!
WHEE-E-E-E-E!
SHATTER!
ZOOM!
15 MINUTES LATER, O'LEARY LTD. HAS 'FOLDED-UP' AND ITS BOARD OF DIRECTORS ARE WELL-AND-TRULY IN THE (IRISH) STEW!
WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!
GRR-R! 'IT'LL SAVE POUNDS,' THEY SAID! SNARL! WE'RE ALL RUINED! AN' BANKRUPT AS WELL!
LYNCH O'LEARY'S LOT!
STEER FOR THE OPEN SEA, YOU SKINNY TWIT!
THAT'S WHAT I AM DOIN', YOU FAT IDIOT! WHICH WAY DO WE TURN AT RAMSGATE?
BUOYANT
SPLUT!
SPLOP!
SHARE-HOLDERS!
HELP! STOP! TAKE US WITH YOU!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE! WE'LL BE MASSACRED! HERE'S MY PASSAGE MONEY! ALL I'VE GOT LEFT!
SPLAT!
BOARD OF DIRECTORS!
WHY ASK 'EM TO STOP THE SHIP, YOU IRISH NITS! WE'RE BEATIN' IT, AREN'T WE?
JUMP ABOARD FOR ANOTHER CARGO OF LAUGHS WITH ENOCH AND BERT NEXT WEEK!

ROLLO STONES AND... THE 5 FACES OF EVIL!!

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, WERE TRAPPED IN A DUNGEON BELOW DEATH CASTLE WHEN...

IT'S A WERE-WOLF! A PHANTOM WERE-WOLF!

BUT ROLLO'S FLYING TACKLE CARRIED HIM STRAIGHT TO THE PANELLED WALL.

THIS THING ISN'T SOLID!

AND IT'S BEGINNING TO FADE!

SINISTER LAUGHTER SUDDENLY FILLED THE EERIE CHAMBER.

HAA! H-A-A-A-A-A-A-H!

THEN THEY HEARD COUNT CADAVO'S VOICE...

FOR A LONG TIME I HAVE WANTED TO DISCOVER HOW MUCH FEAR A MAN CAN FACE BEFORE HIS MIND GIVES WAY. THE LITTLE TRICK YOU HAVE SEEN IS JUST A BEGINNING. NOW THE REAL TESTS BEGIN...

A FLIGHT OF MILDEWED WOODEN STAIRS LED DOWNWARDS...

THE MOCKING TONES DIED AWAY.

ROLLO! WHEN YOU HIT THE WALL YOU MUST HAVE PRESSED A HIDDEN SPRING THAT OPENED THIS SECRET PANEL. THAT CRAZY COUNT HASN'T GOT US TRAPPED IN HERE AFTER ALL!

OR MAYBE IT'S ALL PART OF HIS DEVILISH PLAN FOR US TO FIND THIS WAY OUT OF HERE!

BUT IF WE STAY IN HERE WE SHALL SLOWLY STARVE TO DEATH. LET'S SEE WHERE THIS LEADS.

SUDDENLY... IT HAPPENED! THE STAIRS STRAIGHTENED OUT!

AAGH!

DOWN- DOWN, THE LEGEND TESTERS FELL, TO HIT A STONE-FLAGGED FLOOR WITH CRUEL FORCE.

UGH!

MEANWHILE, IN A HIGH CHAMBER OF DEATH CASTLE, A STRANGE MEETING WAS TAKING PLACE...

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE **BROTHERHOOD OF THE EVIL FIVE** IS NOW COMPLETE...

COUNT CADAVO'S GLITTERING BLACK EYES RESTED UPON EACH OF HIS SINISTER COMPANIONS IN TURN

YOU, **NECRO**, SORCERER WITHOUT EQUAL

YOU, **LOVE**, TORTURER WITH AN UNSURPASSED IMAGINATION...

YOU **DRACA**, OF THE BATS...

...AND **BALBIN**, PRINCE OF THE TROLLS.

OUR TWO VISITORS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN A JOURNEY THAT CAN ONLY END IN DEATH BUT FIRST THEY WILL FACE THE TESTS WE HAVE EACH PREPARED. *AND THE FIRST TEST IS YOURS, NECRO!*

ROLLO RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIMSELF AND DANNY LYING WITH BOUND ARMS UPON COLD STONE.

DANNY! WAKE UP!

DANNY'S EYES OPENED - AND THEN BECAME FIXED IN HORROR!

ROLLO! LOOK THERE! DO YOU SEE IT?

IT WAS A RAT - *THE SIZE OF A HORSE!*

ROLLO STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET...

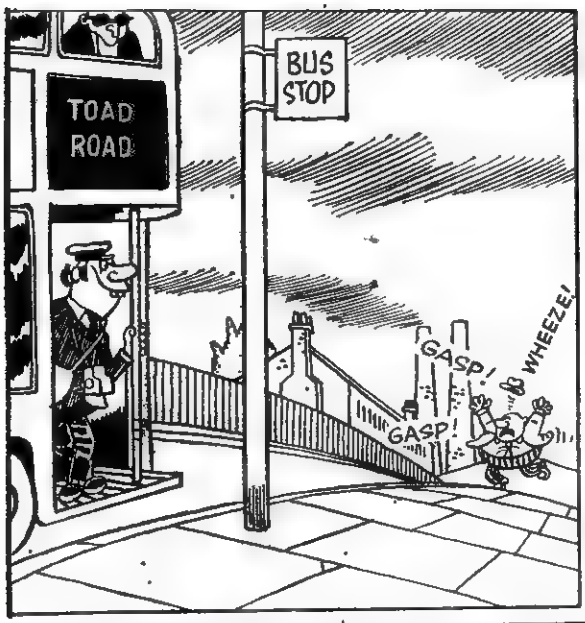
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

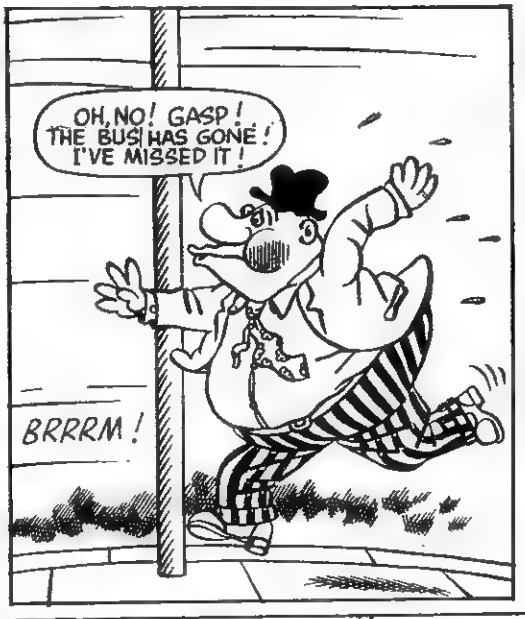
THAT CREATURE IS GUARDING THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS DUNGEON! SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO GET PAST IT!

AND WITH HIS ARMS BOUND HELPLESSLY TO HIS SIDES, ROLLO STEPPED TOWARDS THE SNARLING MONSTER!

NEXT WEEK: MAN INTO MONSTER!

THE NERVS

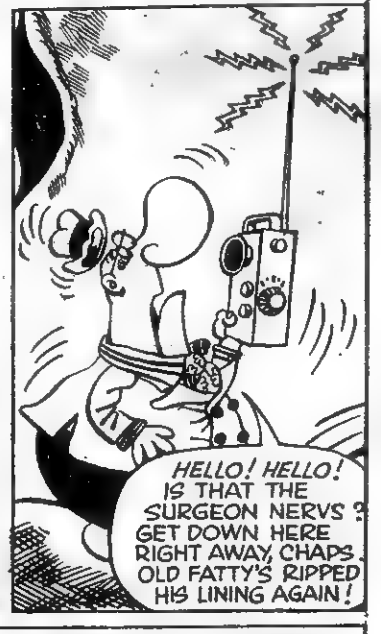

TOAD ROAD
BUS STOP
GASP!
GASP!
WHEEZE!


OH, NO! GASP! THE BUS HAS GONE! I'VE MISSED IT!
BRRRM!

GASP! ALL THAT RUNNING'S NOT GOOD FOR ME! GASP! GASP!
HEAVE!

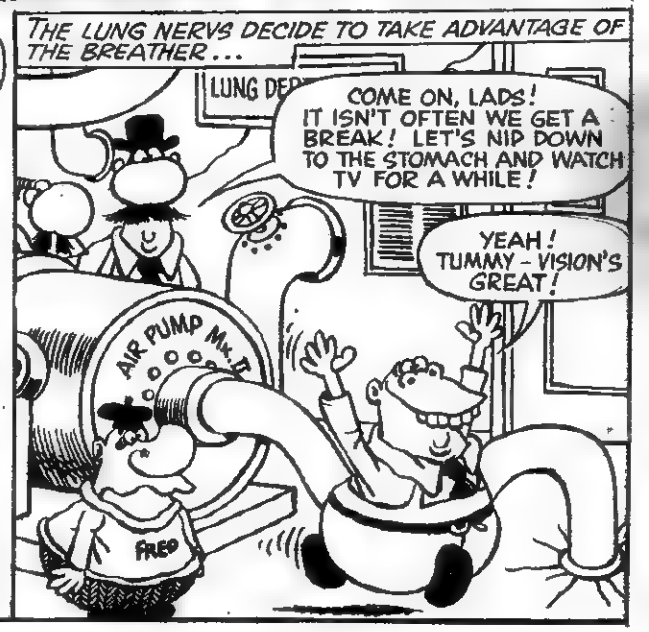
IT'S NOT MUCH GOOD FOR THE NERVS IN FATTY'S TUM, EITHER...
I WISH THAT FAT CLOT WOULDN'T RUN! IT STARTS HIS TUM HEAVING EVERY TIME!
YEAH! AND IT THROWS ALL OUR PICTURES OFF THE WALLS!

RIP!
OH, NO! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE'S MADE A RIP IN THE LINING! IT ALWAYS HAPPENS!
STOMACH DEPT.


HELLO! HELLO! IS THAT THE SURGEON NERVS? GET DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY, CHAPS. OLD FATTY'S RIPPED HIS LINING AGAIN!

THERE! THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! WE'VE PUT A STITCH IN IT!
A GREAT THING, THIS SCIENCE!
TUG!
SURGEON

OH, GOLLY! I'VE GOT A STITCH NOW! I ALWAYS GET ONE WHEN I'VE BEEN RUNNING! I'LL HAVE TO REST AWHILE!


THE LUNG NERVS DECIDE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BREATHER...
COME ON, LADS! IT ISN'T OFTEN WE GET A BREAK! LET'S NIP DOWN TO THE STOMACH AND WATCH TV FOR A WHILE!
YEAH! TUMMY-VISION'S GREAT!
AIR PUMP Mk. II
FRED

MY! IT'S NICE TO GET A SEAT!
IT'S HARD WORK KEEPING OLD FATTY'S LUNGS FILLED WITH AIR!
FRED
RIGHT! THE FIVE MINUTES IS UP! LET'S GET THAT STITCH OUT!
OH, NO! NOT ALREADY!
SURGEON
WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A PROGRAMME!
THE STITCH COMES OUT — NOW! AND THAT'S THAT!
H'MM! FATTY SWALLOWED THE STRING WITH HIS BOILED BEEF YESTERDAY! IT'LL COME IN HANDY! HEH-HEH!
FRED
HELP! STOP IT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FRED
HEH-HEH! THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT STITCH OUT NOW! WE CAN FINISH SEEING THE PROGRAMME ON THE TELLY!
OH, DEAR! I'VE STILL GOT THAT STITCH! IT USUALLY GOES IN FIVE MINUTES, BUT THIS ONE'S STAYING WITH ME! I CAN'T MOVE!
55 MINUTES LATER...
HEH-HEH! YOU CAN TAKE OUT THE STITCH NOW! WE'VE SEEN THE PROGRAMME!
FRED
RIGHT, LADS! BACK TO THE LUNG PUMP! FATTY WILL BE MOVING SOON!
LITTLE TWISTERS!
PULL!
FRED
BEER
PHEW! THE STITCH HAS GONE AT LAST!
NO MORE RUNNING! I DON'T WANT TO GET A STITCH LIKE THAT AGAIN!
YOU NEVER KNOW! HE MIGHT— HE JUST MIGHT! HEE-HEE!
CHUG!
FIZZ!
LUNG PUMP
FRED

SPACE JINX

PROFESSOR PURGE IS TRYING TO DRAG JINX OUT OF THE SKY WITH THE AID OF A SUPERSONIC ELECTRIC MAGNET . . .

HELP! I SEEM TO BE GETTING NOWHERE FAST!

I'M GOING BACKWARDS!

HEE-HEE-HEE! MY PLAN IS WORKING!

CLANG

WAIT TILL HIS ROCKET BURNS OUT, THEN WE'LL TURN OFF THE MAGNET!

HO! NOW THAT WE'VE CAUGHT JINX WE'LL SOON HAVE THE TREASURE!

CLICK!

OUCH! WHAT A LET-DOWN!

KEEP HIM COVERED IN CASE HE TRIES TO GET AWAY!

GET AWAY? I CAN HARDLY GET *UP!*

BOING! CRASH! CLANG! CLANG!

OW! MY ELECTRO-MAGNET HAS MAGNETISED *HIS* SUIT!

OH-OH-OH! THAT *HURT!*

RIGHT, LADS! RUSH 'EM AND BASH 'EM!

HEY!

BOING!

OOOH! I GIVE IN!

CLANG

THUD!

QUICK! RUSH 'EM BEFORE THEY CAN GET HOLD OF THOSE WEAPONS!

FORWARD! CHA-A-A-ARGE!

BAH! THEY'RE ATTACKING MY POOR LITTLE JINX-CHICK!

WHEEEE-EEEE

? ? ?

FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

CRIKEY! MY LITTLE JINX-CHICK'S A LOT HEAVIER THAN HE WAS!

FOILED AGAIN!

I CAN'T HOLD ON!

STRETCH STRETCH

HE'S DROPPED US!

HE'S DROPPING THEM ON US!

HELP! EEK! MUM!

BONK!

SPLAT!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THAT JINX!

I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I MADE MYSELF SCARCE!

HELP! MY ROCKET JET'S FIRING—BUT I'M STILL MAGNETISED AND STUCK TO THE STEEL ASTEROID!

LOOK! GREENBEARD'S TREASURE!

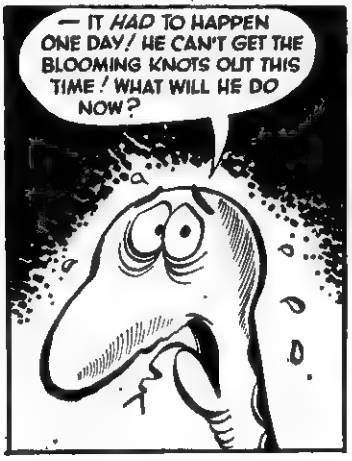
'TIS ALL THE LOOT OF THE UNIVERSE!

AIEEEEE!

GREENBEARD'S TREASURE! WILL THE SPACEMEN GET IT? WILL THE PIRATES GET IT? MAKE SURE YOU GET SMASH!

Percy's Pets

I WISH PERCY WOULDN'T USE ME TO PRACTISE TYING KNOTS!!
?


— IT HAD TO HAPPEN ONE DAY! HE CAN'T GET THE BLOOMING KNOTS OUT THIS TIME! WHAT WILL HE DO NOW?

YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON KNOTS, CAP'N. SEE IF YOU CAN UNTIE SAMMY FOR ME —
HARBOUR
NETS

COR! IT'S GOT ME BEATEN! I'VE NEVER SEEN KNOTS LIKE THESE!

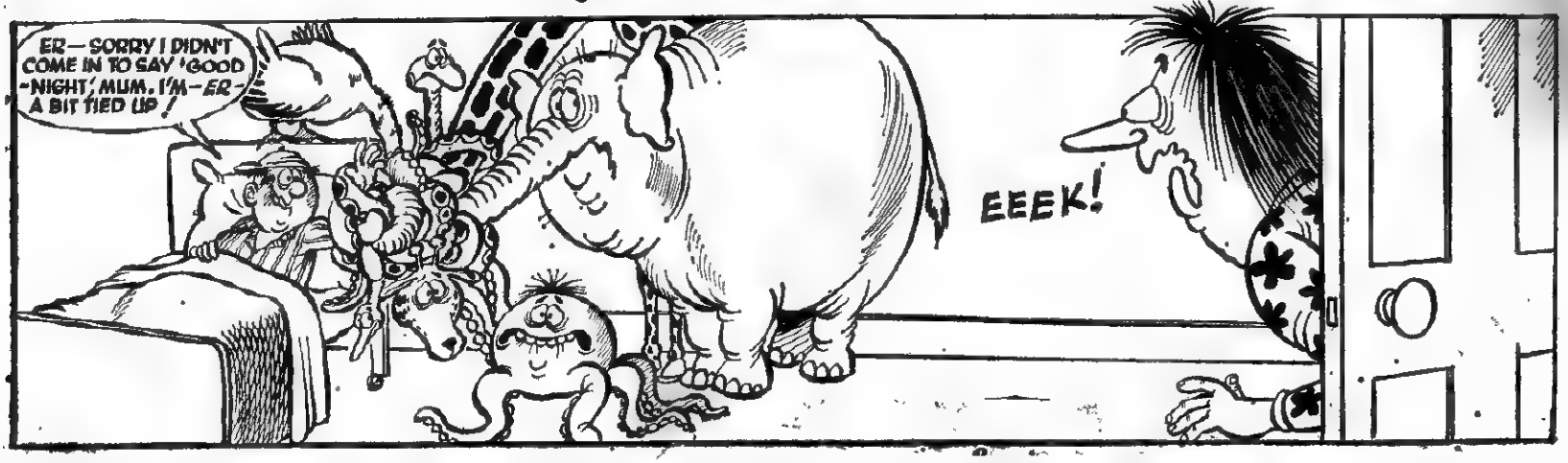
SORRY, PERCY — THEY'VE GOT ME LICKED, TOO!

MAYBE JUMBO CAN HELP — HAVE A GO, BOY!

OH, NO! JUMBO'S GOT IN SUCH A TANGLE, HIS TRUNK IS TIED UP, TOO!

I'LL HAVE A GO, PERCY!
LET ME TRY, TOO!

THAT NIGHT . . .
PERCY AGE 1.
WONDER WHY PERCY DIDN'T COME IN TO SAY 'GOOD-NIGHT'? HE USUALLY DOES!


ER — SORRY I DIDN'T COME IN TO SAY 'GOOD-NIGHT', MUM. I'M — ER — A BIT TIED UP!
EEEK!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

HERE'S GOOD NEWS! FROM TODAY, SMASH is on sale EVERY TUESDAY!

SMASH-HIT

How can you get two friends to stand on a single copy of Smash! yet not be able to touch each other? Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But here's how it's done. Open any door in the the house and place your copy of Smash! half in and half out of the opening. Now, make one friend stand inside the room and the other outside. Then close the door. Naturally, your copy of Smash! will be protruding from either side of the door. Your friends can now both stand on it and yet not be able to touch each other!

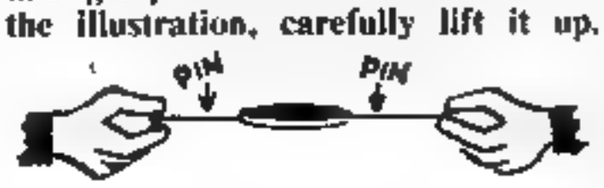
Patient: "Quick, doctor I've just swallowed a mouth organ."
Doctor. "Keep calm. You were lucky you weren't playing a grand piano."

CATCH QUESTION
What can be changed without being moved?

Your mind

IN A WHIRL

Here's a trick you wouldn't believe possible. But try it yourself and see. Lay a penny flat on the table then, taking a pin in each hand as shown in the illustration, carefully lift it up.



Now blow on the coin and you will find that with enough puff you can make it spin. Takes a bit of practice, but the trick is well worth mastering.

PENNY PIECE –1

If you put a cigarette card on your forefinger as shown and place a penny on top of it you would think you would have quite a job moving the card without moving the penny, wouldn't you? Well, you can achieve it in a split second. All you have to do is flick the card away with the forefinger of the other hand.

THE EGG AND YOU

Ever tried balancing a boiled egg up on its end? Probably not and a pretty tough job you'll find it, too. But you can fool a friend just how easy it is. All you need is a white table cloth and a pile of salt which you have put there secretly before. Chances are he'll never spot it. When you pick the egg up again do so with a sweeping movement so that the salt is scattered. Even less chance of it being noticed then.

Man overboard: "Help! Drop me a line."
Captain. "Sure. What's your address?"

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

AS HE FALLS PAST THE FLAGS TIED TO THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, OUR AGENT SNATCHES AT ONE. THE CORDS AT THE CORNERS OF THE FLAG MAKE IT INTO A PARACHUTE, AND HE FLOATS SAFELY DOWN!

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

WITH THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN STRAPPED TO ITS BACK, A GORILLA HELPS BRIAN ESCAPE FROM THE PRIVATE ZOO OWNED BY THE EVIL DR ONE. BRIAN GOES TO THE C.O. OF A NEARBY ARMY CAMP FOR HELP, BUT WHEN THE GORILLA SEES THE C.O...

GRAAAGH!

G-GET THAT BEAST AWAY FROM ME!

BRIAN REALIZED WHY THE GORILLA HAD TURNED FIERCE....

THE BRAIN! IT'S MISSING FROM THE GORILLA'S BACK!

THE COLONEL SNATCHED A PISTOL FROM HIS DESK...

GUGH!

THAT'LL STOP HIM!

HATRED GLOWED IN THE GREAT BEAST'S EYES. THEN IT BACKED AWAY...

NO! DON'T SHOOT IT!

BAH! MY BULLET ONLY SCRATCHED IT!

GET AN ARMED PARTY AFTER THAT BRUTE — WITH ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL. AND HAVE THIS BOY TAKEN TO THE GUARD-ROOM!

YES, SIR!

COME ALONG, SON.

WE'LL NEED ANTI-TANK GUNS!

THAT'S THE JEEP YOU ARRIVED IN. WE'LL USE THAT. HALLO—! WHAT'S THAT?

—IT'S THE BRAIN!

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO IT!

IT'S A FUNNY-LOOKING THING! WE'D BETTER TAKE IT WITH US!

AS THEY DROVE TOWARDS THE GUARD-ROOM, BRIAN GLANCED AT THE BRAIN.

IT'S STARTING TO GLOW!

SUDDENLY, THE JEEP BEGAN TO SWERVE AND CIRCLE CRAZILY!

I—I CAN'T DRIVE PROPERLY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

BRIAN KNEW THE ANSWER.

IT'S THE BRAIN! IT'S USING ITS POWER ON THE DRIVER'S MIND!

THE FANTASTIC DRIVE CAME TO A SUDDEN HALT.

OUT OF BOUNDS TO UNAUTHORISED PERSONNEL

THE DRIVER'S STUNNED! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

I WONDER IF THE BRAIN COULD SHOW ME HOW TO FLY THAT HELICOPTER?

HE SCRAMBLED INTO THE COCKPIT AND STARTED THE ENGINE...

I CAN FEEL THE BRAIN HELPING ME!

THE MACHINE LIFTED UP!

HEY! BRING THAT HELICOPTER BACK!

BRIAN COULD FEEL THE BRAIN GUIDING HIS HANDS ON THE CONTROLS...

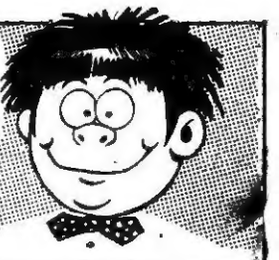
NOW I MUST GET HELP TO FIND OUT WHETHER DR ONE IS HOLDING DAD A PRISONER!

BUT AS HE FLEW OVER THE CAMP.

THE SOLDIERS HAVE CORNERED THE GORILLA! IT HELPED ME AGAINST DR ONE— I CAN'T LET IT BE SHOT!

NEXT WEEK: FLIGHT INTO DANGER!

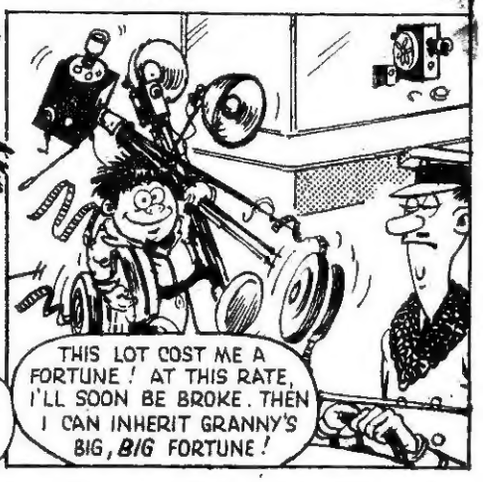
RONNIE RICH

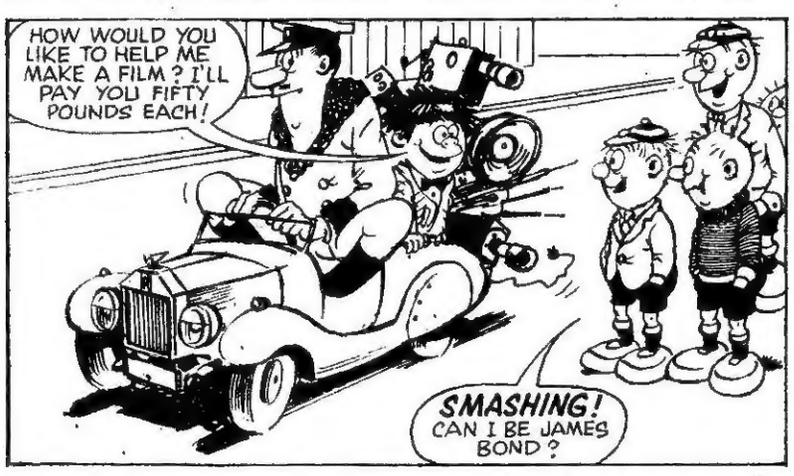


THAT WAS A ROTTEN FILM— NO WONDER THE PLACE WAS EMPTY!
TODAY
BAD MEN OF THE WEST

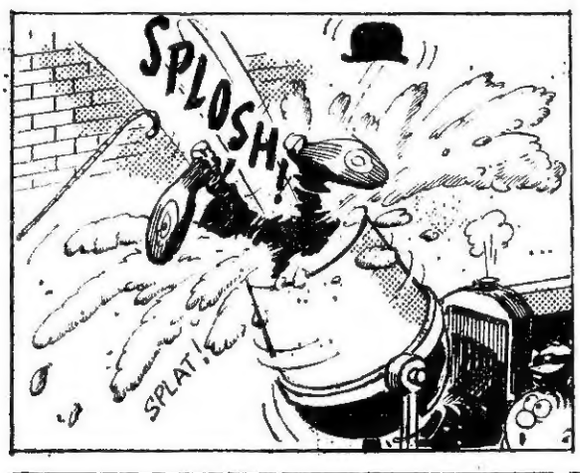
I'VE HARDLY MADE A PENNY ALL WEEK! THESE FILMS COST THOUSANDS OF POUNDS TO MAKE AND NOBODY COMES TO SEE 'EM! SOB!

IDEA!
WHAT A SMASHING WAY OF GETTING RID OF ALL MY MONEY! I'LL BECOME A FILM PRODUCER!


THIS LOT COST ME A FORTUNE! AT THIS RATE, I'LL SOON BE BROKE. THEN I CAN INHERIT GRANNY'S BIG, BIG FORTUNE!


HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP ME MAKE A FILM? I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY POUNDS EACH!
SMASHING! CAN I BE JAMES BOND?

HOW DO I LOOK AS CHARLIE CHAPLIN?
JUMP ABOUT A BIT MORE, RONNIE!
TAKE ONE
AND SO...


SPLOSH!
SPLAT!

HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE! SPLUTTER!

HAH! HAH! THIS IS FUNNY. KEEP THE CAMERAS RUNNING!
GOOD OLD RONNIE! HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH!
AAAAAGHHHH!

GLUK! W-W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HA! HA! HA!

SOMEBODY HELP ME GET OUT OF THIS!

WE'LL GET HELP RONNIE!

HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
AAGH!
H-HELP!
MUST GET THIS ON FILM!
HOSPITAL
PLEASE KNOCK AND WAIT
BOOM!
HE'S OUT COLD. BETTER BRING HIM IN!
WOW! I'VE SPENT ALL MY MONEY AT LAST! THAT FILM COST ME A FORTUNE!
LATER...
COME ON, RONNIE! SISTER SAYS YOU CAN COME OUT TODAY!
AND WE'VE GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PUSH ME ABOUT IN A WHEELCHAIR THEN!
OUCH! OO! NOT SO FAST!
OI! STOP!
WHAT DOES HE WANT?
CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MATE?
IF YOU WANT, BUT I'M NOT RICH ANY MORE, YOU KNOW!
HURRY UP!
HILARIOUS RONNIE RICH COMEDY
HERE
TO-DAY
W-W-WHAT? I D-D-DON'T UNDERSTAND..!
WELL DONE, LAD! YOUR FILM'S A SMASH HIT! HERE'S HALF THE TAKINGS! LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT PRODUCTION!
CASH
OH, NO! NOW I'M RICHER THAN EVER! BAH!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

BANK

THAT PARACHUTE POSTER GIVES ME AN IDEA OF HOW I CAN ROB THE BANK!

THIS IS THE LIFE!

JOIN NOW

I'LL DESCEND ON THE BANK FROM *ABOVE*! TEE-HEE! I'LL COLLECT A FEW POUNDS!

HIGH SPEED GAS

RIGHT! CUT THE STRING!

EASY!

NOW TO LET OUT A LITTLE GAS!

S-S-S!

BANK

DRAT THAT WIND! *IT'S BLOWING ME OFF COURSE!*

BANK

CRASH!

BAKERY

ZOING!

MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A SNACK WHILE I'M HERE!

MUNCH! CHOMP!

NOW I'LL FILL THE BALLOON UP AGAIN AND ESCAPE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!

S-S-S-S!

IT WON'T BUDGE ME! I'VE PUT ON TOO MUCH WEIGHT!

NEXT MORNING...

IT'S FEENDISH – AND HE'S EATEN ALL OUR STOCK!

LET'S BASH HIM BEFORE WE CALL THE POLICE!

WELL ANYWAY, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE COLLECTED A FEW *POUNDS*, MR FEENDISH!

GRRR!